http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/143380.html?thread=30604564#t30604564

God had finally come back from his vacation and cleaned up house. After a scolding of Joshua to actually listen to his messages instead of trying to tell everyone he was horribly apathetic, and after cleaning up after Zachariah and Lucifer, he had finally given his first command to the entire Host in hundreds of years.

That command was: Kids, we're having Dinner together again. Same time, same place. Bring your own weaponry.

Needless to say, many of the angels on Earth promptly left, including Castiel. Sunday dinners were not an event to be unprepared for, after all.

Gabriel, on the other hand, was prepared - had been for years. He got to play Guardian Angel for the Winchesters while Castiel was gone.

This led to:

"And I'm inviting you." Gabriel leaned back on his chair, putting it at an impossible angle. "So both of you, you're going to need more than a gun or two."

"Isn't this supposed to be a meal?"

"Yes," Gabriel said, eyes twinkling, "But he said to bring our own weaponry, which means it's gonna be Jupiter."

"Jupiter."

"Jupiter! Probably in that big red spot - he likes that. Best storm he made, and if you give him too many power shakes he'll tell you all about 'em."

"Woah woah woah. You're taking us to *Jupiter*?" Dean was giving Gabriel the fish-eye, obviously suspicious.

"Yes. Don't worry, you'll be able to breathe and such." Gabriel flapped a hand. "Might want a raincoat. And a machine gun or two."

"What for?"

"Dad likes buffets and fast food. At the same time. It's like dodge ball, only tasty and with fewer chances to see Dean in those red shorts." A leer in Dean's direction, answered by a glare. "Oh, and next week it'll probably be a sit down dinner, if I know Dad. I can't *wait* for the food-fights." Gabriel looked entirely too gleeful for Sam to be comfortable.

He had a bad feeling about this.

Which led to:

"WHAT?"

The storm raged around them, not red at all. Sam tried to get Gabriel's attention again.

"I SAID, WHEN DOES IT START?"

It was worse than a heavy metal concert without earplugs.

"SOON!" Gabriel, for once, looked dignified. And a bit terrifying. He was decked out in full roman-esque battle armor, complete with flaming sword.

Castiel was armored similarly, and had a longbow taller than he was, complete with quiver of arrows. At Dean's skeptical look he had said something about more force than a gun could provide and had pulled the string back. Castiel was more than capable of wielding it, that was clear.

Sam and Dean, on the other hand, had two shotguns, two amulets from Gabriel, and a promise to share the food once they got it.

"MY LIFE IS WEIRD." Dean tried to tell Sam. Sam could only nod back in helpless agreement.

The storm only whirled around them faster, its roaring drowning out any further conversation.